

Awakening

The Kingdom Within

I Sword Of Truth

Truth is a sword that cannot be broken.

It will not corrode, or even rust, despite the lore of illusions and lies. It will not shatter, nor can it break, no matter the strength of darkness and strife. It defends the righteous, from the enemy's wrath, anointing the chosen with sacred rite. It graces the believer, with eternal love, sealing its wielder with divine might...

And it is calling.

Truth seeks a warrior worthy of wielding its power, a spirit deserving of its glory, exalted and unashamed. With the emblem of the eternal carved upon its sheath, it is a weapon that chooses the bearer, a destiny that creates its path. Searching the hearts of men and angels, it tests the works of the chosen, as gold is purified by fire....

And it calls you.

For you are a warrior, and worthiness is within. You are a fighter, and your glory lies therein. You are a master,

and true power rests inside. You are a seeker, and your destiny awaits beside...

So you rise.

You enter the lair of the sword of truth, impaled into the rock of fate. The jagged stone swallows the blade, that many have failed to extricate. You doubt your will, your path to fulfil, that you may be like they. But your victories past, your future vast, promise there is a way...

So you grasp its shining hilt, daring to lift it out of its place. But your strength is not enough, and doubt expands its embrace...

And a thousand times you try, with the power in your veins; yet the rock is defiant to yield, and futility is in your strains...

So you let go.

You stop striving.

And you believe.

Lightning from heaven impales the rock, splitting it into halves of two; and the sword of truth is freed from stone, as your faith dares to break through. You hold the hilt in your trembling hand, as power flows into your soul; the majesty from angels high, a blessing in its whole. The sword beckons from its glowing blade, speaking of mysteries true; whispering of the power of

love, for destiny's call is due. You listen to its
enchanting sound, resonating with every word;
compelling you to fight the enemy's lore, with the
authority thus conferred...

And you are afraid.

A prayer exits your plaintive lips, coursing towards the
light. As you kneel before the broken stone, seeking to
make it right. Silence fills the empty halls, as you
complete your rite. So you listen for the answer true,
until the dawn of night...

And heaven replies.

The light declares that it is done, that you are not
alone; but a sacrifice must be made, to make its
presence known. You must be willing to let go of fear,
to truly see Divine; then you shall join the heavens'
host, through not your will but thine...

So you let go...

And you surrender...

And you believe.

The sword blooms into burning flame, before your
awestruck eyes; and dips its point onto your shoulder,
upon you to baptise. Light fills your Being whole, and
bliss inundates your soul; as the power of heaven
declares upon you, a loyalty and role...

Find the other divine artefacts, and you shall be ready to fight; it will be hard, as all things worthy are hard, but you shall see the light. And forevermore, you shall be exalted, for your deeds upon this earth; as long as you fulfil your duties, a new world you shall birth...

You are afraid.

But you smile, knowing, that you are ready.

II Hill of Sorcery

As you exit the temple of the sword of truth, serenity fills your heart; knowing the presence is within you, with grace your feet depart. Radiance fine flows through your soul, a blessing from angels high; guiding your steps to paths unknown, where mysteries unknown lie...

And you enter.

A humming magic fills the air; an arcane, melodic flair; as you journey into the whispering woods, seeking the artefact's lair. Orbs of music and wisps of wind, dance in the encroaching night; as the twilight expands its gloomy reign, devouring the remainder of the light. Ravens call and shadows shift, below the moonlit earth; as remnants final of the evening sun, descend into darkened girth. Wolves howl and sirens scream, into the starry sky; as the enchanted forest creaks and groans, its mysteries ever so sly...

And the path begins to end.

Before your eyes lie a darkened hill, of sorcery and evil instil. A forlorn gate lay open bare, to howls and

shrieking shrill. Unquiet spirits move to and fro, their hunger unsatisfied. Yet the air is deathly stagnant still, its tension petrified...

And they see you.

And your torch dies.

The shadows encroach upon your feet, whispering doubt into the mind: What have you come so far to seek, that futility you may find? Death stirs in its hooded form, whilst darkness covers you blind: Will destruction befall your destiny, by fate so cruel maligned?

And you are afraid.

You falter in your steps, frozen by the shadows' glare; as the darkness envelops you, drawing you into its snare. A coldness descends, petrifying the air; as fear grips your heart, imprisoning you in its lair...

With the last of your fading faith, you wield your shining blade; calling upon its healing fire, requesting for divine aid. The sword ignites in flames of fury, scattering the shadows' reign; as light emerges from the burning steel, splendid and sovereign...

But the shadows hunger, they desire your soul; they seek to enter, to consume you whole. Surrounding the light, they gather and rear; instilling in your heart, the curse of fear...

But you shall persevere.

With loyal faith you were to darkness called, to end its evil blight; and with your strength invested thus, shall remake all things right. With power divine you were raised, and with its flames baptised; and the truth in your spirit strong, shall defeat the enemy's lies...

The angelic host sees your undying love, and whispers to your soul - plant the sword into the earth, and your victory shall be whole. But as the shadows writhe and edge closer in, you doubt your divine role; and even the voice of the heavens high, can barely calm nor console...

But you believe.

Speaking the name of heaven high, into the earth you plunge the blade; as tongues of flame swirl in ecstasy, from the sword to emanate. They twist and dance in fiery bloom, expanding into a consuming blaze; devouring the shadows of darkness' blight, with their burning radiant rays...

As the darkness fades, seeking to escape, to flee; a peace tranquil settles within, a pleasant blessed be. A kindness still manifests therein, as your eyes begin to see; the dawn of the morning sun, its light annealing thee...

You look around, at the restored earth, delivered from sorcery, into goodness' girth. A contentment still rests

within, an intuition sublime, as satisfaction descends
therein, an euphoria divine...

So you take your newfound strength, imbued with a
power grand, and continue along the journey, to a
distant unknown land. And before your sight, the path
is restored, passing through the hill, to realms
unexplored...

And to the next artefact you proceed, to honour your
divine accord.

III Fortress of Fire

As you venture along the weaving path, a fortress appears before your eyes - a stronghold of iron and sturdy rock, towering into the skies. Impenetrable armour of steel and stone, they seek to mesmerise; the daring hearts of fallen knights, that have sought the hidden prize...

And you fear, deeply, your own demise.

For the legends say of a monster evil, concealed within the castle walls. For stories speak of a dragon primeval, resting inside the lavish halls. Many have entered to seek the staff, only to meet with impending death; but you shall fight on heaven's behalf, to the last of your very breath...

So you enter.

Halls of gold, of weaponry and treasure unfold before your feet, as you walk towards the castle centre, fearing what you still may meet. A throne lay royal undefiled, a divine sovereign seat, as you wonder what king once reigned, and what led to his defeat. Vast and giant, seemingly defiant, lay armouries in your sight, of blades of steel, and runed shields, spectacular in their might. Glorious and splendid, euphorious sublime, the

forges of molten light, that once had flowed with
liquid iron, glowing liquid bright...

So you arm yourself to fight.

You take a shield of runed steel, inscriptions upon its
edge; as in your heart you deeply feel, your loyal divine
pledge. A calling to satisfy, to attain the staff without
delay, a purpose holy to edify, a destiny to convey.
Armour of iron, you thus enrobe, to defend against the
flames, and the sword of truth, you nobly hold, as
heaven's voice proclaims...

That you will be victorious. You will be glorious...

That you shall slay the beast.

You enter the dragon's lair, your heart pacing fast, and
spry the staff of wisdom's flair, its power true and vast.
Radiating from its aura pure, symbols swirl around its
embrace, of such majesty and beauty to allure, that you
are entranced by their grace...

As you step towards the staff's abode, the dragon
begins to stir, but for the destiny upon you bestowed,
you choose not to defer...

As its eyes glare into your very soul, you stand your
ground undeterred, for deeply you feel in your spirit
whole, heaven is with you conferred...

A roar. As the dragon does rise. Thunderous. The malice in its eyes. Doubt. In your choice unwise. Fear. That you may meet your demise...

But as you feel the heavens' presence within, you begin to realise - that all that tension and despair, are from the enemy's lies...

So you let go. Even as the dragon approaches...

You surrender. Even as the beast encroaches...

And you believe.

Though armour and sword is not enough, to penetrate the dragon's hide, for it is harder than thrice-forged steel, in faith you dare abide. With your blade held radiant high, you enter unprepared, your defiance a battlecry, so audaciously declared...

And even before you can reach the dragon, an inferno of flame ignites.

Fire bombards your shield, as the dragon utters its breath, but you shall not yield, lest you bow down to death. You resist the ruthless flames, the fire scorching your skin, as the searing heat almost maims, penetrating through the armour within...

But you shall persevere.

You sprint towards the central court, where the staff is laid, passing through the chambers' fort, wielding your shining blade.

And you are nearly there.

You swerve away from the dragon's claw, as it collides into the walls, as another flame forms in its fiery maw, threatening to ignite the halls.

As you circumvent the hallway's crest, the dragon whirls around, slamming its tail into your chest, scattering you firm aground...

And you gasp, fearing...

That the end is near.

IV Staff of Wisdom

An iron claw slams onto the stone you lay beside, a feather's distance from your breadth; its shockwave fearsome as a raging tide, escaping through your shallow breath. Your sword departs from your faithful side, falling into darkness' depth; as a wrathful eye descends upon your fallen stride, consumed with spiteful death...

And you are helpless.

You hear a roar. Defiant encore. From the dragon's breast. As it is written in the ancient lore. Defeat consuming your chest. You inch back. Upon the floor. Towards the hallway's crest. Then you remember the oath you swore. To pass this daunting test...

Yet you are helpless.

"Who dares to intrude my lair," the dragon's echoes its voice. Fixated by its gruelling stare, you feel devoid of choice.

"I dare to enter to reclaim my staff," you audaciously declare. The dragon utters a mocking laugh, victorious in its snare.

“Many have tried and failed to complete, their quest for wisdom divine. Why another one to so entreat, my hunger for flesh so fine...”

The dragon lay its head against your chest.

“Because I have heard the voice of heaven,” with all your strength you gasp; “And the angels are my kindred brethren,” within the dragon’s grasp.

The dragon growls.

“I have seen the angels abandon their men, and the heavenly lights desert them again...”

You refuse to conceive the doubt.

“And I have seen the heavens part open, and the sovereign claim me bespoken...”

The dragon flares its snout.

“I am tempted to give you the staff, your soul for it to devour. To prove to heaven’s behalf, that none is worthy of its power...”

A flick of the tail, a shimmer of the scale.

And the staff lay next to you.

You grasp its crystalline hilt, and feel the power of heaven within - the thunder of a thousand storms,

their calling resting therein. Responding to your gentle touch, the staff awakens to your embrace, expanding its wisdom into your heart, enchanting in its grace...

The dragon roars, fury in its eyes, merciless and wrathful, hungering for your demise. So you grasp the staff, and visualise its power flow, from its shining crystal, to form a shield aglow...

As the dragon breathes its fire, the hall is incinerated entire...

You open your eyes. The flames have not touched you.

You are alive...

“The staff dares protect you?” The dragon utters its rite. “A single knight with honour true?” Its pride consumed with delight.

“For many are called, but few are chosen,” you affirm your sovereign right. “And I’m the few to whom heaven has spoken,” you speak to the holy light...

“Lies!”

And fire descends.

Burning, raging, ravaging the stone; engulfing the metal, liquefying bone. Glowing, burning, consuming beware; destroying armour, melting the air...

You open your eyes. Around you, demise. About you, desolation. But within you, resolution...

And the dragon sneers.

“Why wield the staff for wisdom alone, when power is greater than all else to obtain? Why hold insight for oneself to own, when strength is mightier for you to gain...”

And you are tempted.

Tempted to rebel against heaven’s light, to conquer the shadows, with your insight. Tempted to disobey angelic might, to crave the darkness, to your delight...

And the sword calls.

You hear it.

Unsingd by the murderous fire, crystal clear in the ashes’ spire. Untouched by the ravages of desire, its steel incandescent aspire...

And you remember. Your calling. You see. The falling. Of knights to temptation’s quest, of seekers to the dragon’s test...

“No.”

The staff awakens.

“I am a warrior of love alone, of truth to speak from
heaven’s throne. I despise the deeds of night, and
serve only the sovereign light...”

The crystal ignites.

“You can not destroy me,” the dragon does rear; shock
in its eyes, a newfound fear. “I am the guardian of
Wisdom,” the dragon dares sneer; hatred in its lies,
wrathful sheer...

You close your eyes.

And with the last of your strength, you command the
crystalline light, in the name of heaven high, to smite
the dragon with all its might...

And as the dragon roars, consumed by lightning
divine, you exit the castle walls, knowing that the staff
is thine...

And you smile.

The dragon’s name was Pride.

V

The Desert Storm

You delve through realms strange and unknown, your staff and sword held by your side; where stories old and myths untold, retell the dangers by your stride. Of shifting earth and scorching wind, where enmity does abide; of deadly fangs and monstrous eyes, jaws gaping ever wide...

The desert draught and ancient sands, defy your very will; eroding at the strength within, despite your efforts still. Expansive ruin and dying land, conspire to fulfil; the grip of death upon your hand, waiting to take its kill...

But you shall not fear.

You feel the power in your heart, the calling of the sword; the destiny to conquer still, the sovereign accord. You sense the wonder in your soul, the mysteries unexplored; the staff of wisdom's guiding light, the promise of reward...

So you persevere.

Into the core of the blinding winds, you venture with
power conferred - the Staff of Wisdom's divine light,
as a shield to thus begird. Through to the heart of the
desert storm, you enter with faith undeterred - to seek
a power sacred true, no matter the obstacles
incurred...

And you encounter forces unheard.

Wrathful currents of blinding gale, assault your
exposed form, as vast tempests of immense force,
attack through ruthless swarm. Hailing dust and desert
sand, assail in howling storm, as downpours of earth
and stone, ravage and ever deform...

And you are afraid.

A gush of sand bombards your shield, dimming the
staff's dying light, its force demanding your strength to
yield, to its desolate ruthless might. Ripples of gale
strike at your form, unearthing the desert's blight - a
thousand billows of dusty storm, consumed with
defiant spite...

You almost collapse.

Hands upon your unsteady staff, bending against the
stormy rage - of the desert's unwavering wrath, its
reckless merciless rampage. Feet upon the dissolving
earth, evaporating to dust - reduced to nothing by
violent wind, through every trembling gust...

The fear deepens.

The staff senses your fading hope, and dims its dying light; reducing its protective scope, diminishing its might. The storm invades your broken shield, its dust blinding your sight; turning your vision to darkness, descending into blight...

And everything is transformed into howling night.

You ignite the sword, but see no light, not even it's flaming form. So you ask heaven, but hear no words, deafened by the storm...

But heaven hears your heart.

She hears the undying faith within the gale, the courage that will never fail. She knows the power of love to thus entail, the hope that always shall prevail...

And she whispers to you these silent words...

You are not the resistance to change, nor the grasping at the flowing stream. You are not the control you crave, nor the power you seek to gleam...

You are the stillness within the storm, the earth that lies absolute in form. You are the centre of turbulence, the energy that flows to transform...

And when you let go of that control, then you are truly powerful...

And you believe.

You let go to the stillness within, the power that transcends all fear, and a gentle peace expands therein, strengthening you to persevere. As you surrender to the natural flow, an energy emanates from your soul, a wisdom that no mortal can know, knowledge sovereign and whole...

And the staff reawakens.

Shining, radiant, exploding power, ascends from its crystalline light, enveloping your exposed form, flowing with heavenly delight. Glorious, holy, majestic radiance, infused with divine might, inundates your weakened presence, with unsearchable insight...

The insight that you are the storm...

That you are the stillness...

That you are One.

Recognising your kinship, the wind violently howls, and acknowledging your spirit, the storm humbly bows. Affirming your oneness, the gale into you flows, and asserting your power, the earth with you dissolves...

And you are free.

Free to breathe the living wind, that only faith can perceive; to wield the power divine, that only the worthy can retrieve. Free to command the desert

storm, through the power to believe; the wisdom of
the heavens high, that you are worthy to receive...

And free to hear the wisdom, that surrender
conceives...

And you listen, knowing, that you are free.